

Sunday Afternoon.

"DEAR, DEAR, DEAR WONDER HEART OF MINE! I feel as though I were beginning an endless letter to you. Darling I am talking to you so constantly, asleep and awake, that I know you must hear me--but I must also try to tell you a little of all the thoughts & longings & dreams that have been rushing thro' me these past days. It does seem as tho' our love was just the most precious, wonderful work of art. The beauty, the wonder, the peace, the calm, the strength, the passion of it grows & grows every moment. It seems as tho' every moment of separation just binds us more strongly together & I live in dreams of what we have done & what we will do when we have the opportunity.

"Every one of your dear good letters have filled me with all sorts of things to say. The address plan works perfectly. I do not always have time to read AT ONCE, but I always make an opportunity VERY SOON--& to know I have the message makes me happy thro' & thro'. I love your feeling that our messages are sacred--they are. And no one should see them.-- About your pain--I am afraid the swimming on the choir ride was too much, for it was cold in the car coming home--& late so you were tired--but it was not the swimming itself. We WILL go in together dearest heart--for, as you say, we must do everything TOGETHER. Just our first opportunity we will go to Murrays & have a day in N. Y. & later could we arrange a trip?--Then your dear letter about last Sunday. Oh, I could have you write forever. I never want to stop reading, so I read your letters over & over. I don't know who the man in church was--don't recognize the Buick car.

"There is a Congregational church here on the island--used as a sort of union chapel in the summer--I went there last Sunday & to-day--but I hope to get to the Episcopal church at Seal Harbor or N. E. Harbor next Sunday.

"I have written for the Daily News of July 4, but it hasn't arrived yet? Thanks for the N. B. Sunday Times that came.

"I agree with your ideas about the 'dosel' (means 'back' and applies to any hanging 'back of the altar'). A window is better. Most churches have what is called a 'reredos'--of wood or stone with a window over it. When we enlarge the chancel at St. John's I have that plan in mind.

"My 'Gypsy trail' is a disappointment. It is a 'Book of Poems for Campers,' but the selections that I have read so far are not well chosen--but I haven't read much. But my dear heart must have some GOOD poems & I will be on the lookout for them. You have a poet's heart darling & I love OUR poems. The one on 'FAITH' is our latest addition.

"I enjoyed the paper on Chandi--especially your markings Oh I should love to discuss it with you--it is too long to write about. You say you have some papers for me. Save them carefully dearest--for I love to read them & discuss them with you--oh for PATIENCE, PATIENCE, PATIENCE until I hug you close in my arms again.

"You ask what I do at night. The evenings are very dull. Supper is at 6--over at 6:30 or 6:45--If there is a sunset I walk down to the beach to see it--if not we sit around the reading room of the hotel until 7:30 or 8 when I get out and come over to the house where we stay and read or write to you in my book and Mrs. Hall comes over about 9. You see we have rooms in one house and meals in another--the distance between about as far as your house to the church. Geo. Kemmer (who used to be in Grace Church Choir and now is organist and choir master at Grace Church, Orange) sometimes plays on the piano and



one night they asked me to sing (last Sunday).

"Last Friday night was the annual play & a big dance afterward--of course they all expected me to stay & were surprised when I walked away as soon as the play was over--I made excuses--But only one "ONE MATE" for your gypsy & I am loyal & true every moment. Dearest I am proud of our loyalty to each other--oh it is so--STRONG--STRONGER--every breath.

"About Mrs. Hall--she hasn't said a word about you & I don't think has changed toward you--but her remarks at Point Pleasant were foolish & entirely uncalled for. I don't blame you for being hurt--you know how I feel about them. Dearest, don't let it trouble you. I didn't show her your letter to me--but you were wise to send it to Is esford--for she might have commented if no letter came from you. But she didn't ask to see it--just said, 'Is there any news from Eleanor?' As for writing to her--do just as seems best to you--it will be all right either way.

"Dearest, I am not stopping this letter--only pausing--as I can't write more now. I want to write forever. I am writing in my book day by day--oh, such volumes to say; it seems as tho' I had hardly begun. Good-night, dear heart; every blessing for you, and I know you are giving me strength to be patient for ten days. I expect to reach N. B. FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 25. We leave here on Wednesday and reach N. B. Friday. Oh, such long days! But I hear you saying, Be strong, for I am strong. I crush you--you dear, dear wonder-heart."

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